

HARTIGAN READY TO EXPOSE THE "SYSTEM"

St. Patrick's and Home Rule Parade Biggest Held Here

WEATHER—Fair to-night and Tuesday; warmer.

FINAL EDITION.

The

EVENING EDITION

World.

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15,000 MARCH FOR IRELAND THROUGH MILES OF STREETS DECKED LIKE GREEN LANE

Snow Flecks Sunshine, but St. Patrick's Army Is Undismayed.

IT'S A HOME RULE FETE.

Gov. Sulzer, Gaynor and Cardinal Farley Review Biggest Celebration.

The long record of perfect marching weather for the St. Patrick's Day parade was broken to-day only by intermittent clouding of the sky and a brisk snow squall at noon. When the great parade of Irish military, semi-military and civic bodies got in motion the sun was shining down upon the celebration as the sun nearly always shines for the Irish on the day they celebrate and nearly everybody else helps celebrate.

Veteran police commanders in charge of the policing arrangements said there never was such a turn-out for the St. Patrick's Day demonstration. Fifth avenue from Forty-second street to Harlem was not wide enough to hold all the people who had started to scramble for points of vantage at noon. It was a great and good-natured crowd and not one untoward incident marred the prevailing spirit of good feeling.

SULZER, GAYNOR AND CARDINAL REVIEWED THEM.

Gov. Sulzer, wearing a black soft hat and accompanied by his brilliantly uniformed military staff, occupied the place of honor on the reviewing stand in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. At his right was Cardinal Farley, at his left Mayor Gaynor. Police Commissioner Waldo, Street Cleaning Commissioner Edwards and many other officers of the city administration had places on the stand.

There were approximately 15,000 men in line. The arrangements for starting and moving the column were perfect and there were no hitches. It was a long walk for many of the old timers from Forty-second street away out to Sulzer's Park in Harlem, but there was a smile on every face in line and every step was light and spry.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment and the Irish Volunteers marched through a continual tumult of applause. Never did the gallant Sixty-ninth look more soldierlike and efficient, and the volunteers were not far behind them in spick and span efficiency. It seemed as though every man in line had friends on every block. It was a New York Irish reunion and every Irishman and Irish woman able to walk and not bound to business was out to take part in it.

HOME RULE ENTHUSIASM ENLIVENED PARADE.

The parade was the big feature of the day celebration—a parade of note in Irish affairs because of the proximity of the passing of a Home Rule bill for Ireland.

Never before on the seventeenth of March has been seen in New York such a generous display of green. Every business house along the line of march and most of the residences were decorated in green and red, white and blue. Vendors of green ribbons and emblems of the occasion reported the greatest business in their experience.

The entire day was filled with rejoicings, and many of them will spread over to to-morrow. They began when the Parade Committee went to bed after putting the final touches on the arrangements about the time the street lamps could see they were no longer needed, and they will end only when the last bandman can't play another note and the call for to-morrow's breakfast is getting insistent.

The official rejoicings started with a solemn mass of thanksgiving at St. Patrick's Cathedral at 11 o'clock. Cardinal Farley was in his throne and Bishop Thomas F. Cusack officiated. The Sixty-ninth Regiment, under Col. Louis B. Conley, was there in parade dress. Father H. D. Devlin presided.

Following the mass the national guardmen partook of a luncheon, given by Cardinal Farley in the cathedral school. Before the last "dominus vobiscum" was said in the cathedral there were

GREAT SMOKE PALL COVERS WEST SIDE AS BUILDINGS BURN

Barns of Canavan Bros. Co., Contractors, on 56th Street, Are Destroyed.

The immense frame barns of the Canavan Bros. Co., contractors and shapers, at No. 529 West Fifty-sixth street, were destroyed by fire this afternoon. About 350 horses in the barns were rescued before the flames reached them, and the damage by fire was confined to the buildings and to the trucks, contractors' tools and hay stored therein.

The feature of the fire was the immense amount of thick smoke that arose from the blaze and, borne on a brisk south wind, it drifted westward over the west side and as far east as the lower end of Central Park. This smoke, conveying the idea of an immense conflagration, served to draw so great a crowd that the reserves from the West Forty-seventh and West Sixty-eighth street stations were kept busy holding the firelines.

The barns had a frontage of 100 feet on Fifty-sixth street and ran back to Fifty-fifth street, where there was the same frontage. Tenement houses face the barns on both streets and the neighborhood is dotted with garages and stables.

A bookkeeper in the office on the Fifty-sixth street side feeling uneasy about the heat at 3 o'clock went into the barns to investigate and found a brisk blaze under way in a room given over to the storage of hay. As the bookkeeper opened the door the fire literally leaped at him and he fled for his life, shouting an alarm.

The wind kept the blaze away from the Fifty-fifth street side for a time and this circumstance enabled the hostlers and laborers to get the horses out. When the first engines arrived the neighborhood was buried under a black pall of smoke.

A second alarm was turned in, and for a time it looked as though a third alarm would be necessary. Sparks bombarded the tenements in West Fifty-sixth street and the inhabitants fled in panic, groping their way through the smoke and the tangle of fire apparatus and hose to the river. By hard work the firemen managed to keep the blaze confined to the Canavan premises.

David Canavan, head of the firm of Canavan Bros., said late this afternoon that he feared a number of his horses had been burned to death, although his own reported they had gotten them all out. Thomas Farrell, a Humane Society agent, said he had been told of the burning of three horses in the Canavan establishment and he had also heard several horses had been burned to death in Doyle's livery stable adjoining the Canavan place to the east in Fifty-sixth street.

FLAGLER IN SERIOUS STATE FROM INJURY TO HIP. Aged Magnate Confined to His Bed in Florida Home Is Under Care of Two Specialists.

PALEM BEACH, Fla., March 17.—The injury to H. M. Flagler, principal owner of the Florida East Coast Railroad, who fell on a marble stair two weeks ago, continues alarming. The injury to his hip is so serious that he is constantly confined to his bed. Mr. Flagler is under the care of Dr. Owen Keenan, who recently called in consultation Dr. Newton Shaffer, a joint specialist of New York.

All inquiries at his winter home are met with the statement that Mr. Flagler is improving so rapidly as can be expected of a man of his eighty-four years.

ATTACKS GIRL, CUTS POLICEMAN AND IS SHOT DEAD FLEEING

Negro Wields Razor to Take Cabaret Singer From Protecting Bluecoat.

BULLETS FIND MARK.

Wounded Patrolman Staggers in Pursuit and Fires Fatal Shot Before He Falls.

Daniel T. Davis attacked Irene Leslie, a young cabaret singer, outside the subway station at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street and Lenox avenue an hour before sunrise to-day, viciously slashed Patrolman George Michaels of the Lenox avenue police station when the girl appealed to Michaels for protection, and then was shot dead by Michaels and Patrolman Hoppenheimer as he ran from the scene of the desperate fight.

Michaels was on post at One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street and Lenox avenue when a girl, with hair streaming and the stamp of terror on her white face, ran to him.

"A negro seized me in his arms just as I was leaving the station at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street," she cried. "He tried to kiss me and broke away from him. I think he is pursuing me now."

The girl, hysterical with fright, was chattering further details of the assault when a negro ran brusquely up to where she stood by the policeman's side and put his hand roughly on her arm.

"Come away from here," he shouted. "What do you mean blabbing everything you know to a cop?"

Michaels stepped between the negro and the frightened singer and demanded to know by what right the man was ordering her about.

Negro slashes policeman with razor.

"I want this woman and you've got nothing to say about it," the negro answered surlily. Michaels pushed the man away from the girl and laid his hand on Miss Leslie's arm, as if to escort her to her home. Instantly the negro was at the policeman's throat.

Michaels flung his arms about his assailant's waist and tried to pinion the man's arms to his side. They swayed and struggled in a deadlock for a minute, and then the negro, freeing his right hand, whipped out a razor and slashed Michaels across the temple. The steel bit to the bone and blood blinded the policeman for a minute.

With a hoarse cry of triumph the negro drew the sharp blade again and again across the policeman's face. Then he suddenly lifted his knee and with it butted Michaels a tremendous blow in the abdomen. The policeman dropped. The negro, still holding the stained razor in his hand, started to run up Lenox avenue. Michaels struggled painfully to his feet, and though he was so weak from loss of blood that he swayed he started to run after the slasher. He called upon the man ahead to halt and then drew his revolver and started to fire.

Four shots he sent after the fleeing figure of the black man, the fugitive staggered slightly at the second shot, and almost fell to his knees at the third. Still he kept running, and Michaels, his strength suddenly gone, sank to the ground.

FRIEDMANN CURE TEST ON TWELVE IN BELLEVUE CLINIC

U. S. Experts Chose Advanced Tuberculosis for Critical Experiment.

USE X-RAY AS CHECK.

Actual Results on Tissue Will Be Observed, Not Merely Psychic Symptoms.

Twelve cases of advanced tuberculosis were treated in Bellevue Hospital by Dr. Friedrich Friedmann, the Berlin physician, who claims that he has discovered a cure for the dreaded White Plague.

In the amphitheatre of the hospital the cases were brought in one after the other and Dr. Friedmann injected his cures into the blood of each sufferer. It was explained that more patients would have been given the treatment but for the fact that Dr. Friedmann's supply of his cure was running short. He will treat other cases at the hospital when he has prepared more of the cure, ran to him.

Relieved had never been so excited as it was to-day when the Berlin physician arrived with his assistants, Dr. Max Stern and Dr. Hans Rosenbaum. The treatment was closely observed by Drs. John H. Anderson and A. H. Stimson, the investigators for the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service at Washington.

Among those who witnessed the giving of the treatment were Dr. John H. Brannan, President of the Medical Board of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals; Dr. Leopold Stern; Dr. Alexander Miller, Director of the tuberculosis wards; Dr. L. A. MacKenzie, Dr. Pelton, Woodruff, O'Hanlon and all of the hospital staff that could be spared from duty.

The injections were made with little loss of time as the patients were brought into the amphitheatre. Dr. Friedmann was courteous in his manner to all of the onlookers and seemed to bear no ill will because of prior adverse criticisms of his cure and methods of treatment.

All were advanced cases and had been under observation a long time on the ferryboat Southside, which was moored near the hospital in the East River and made into a tuberculosis ward when it was retired from the State Island ferry service by the municipal boats. The scientific value of these tests will be greatly increased by the X-ray photographs of the lung cavities taken by Dr. Hirsch, the Bellevue photographer.

Dr. Friedmann visited the Hospital for Deformities and Joint Diseases before noon to-day and looked over three patients who had been taken there for him to treat. Two were children, a boy and a girl, with tuberculosis of the hip, and were carried to the hospital in electric frames. The other was a woman well on in years.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN" FLAG CAUSES ROW AT PARADE.

Hoodlums Attack Aged Bearer of Green Banner and Police Fight to Rescue Her.

In the jam in front of the reviewing stand after the St. Patrick's Day parade appeared an aged woman with white hair. She was carrying a green banner inscribed in white, "Votes for Women." Young hoodlums in the crowd jeered her and she made reply. She was seen the centre of a vortex that threatened to overcome her. Capt. Henry and a squad of policemen rescued her and escorted her into Fifty-fifth street, telling her she had better wrap up her banner and leave the neighborhood.

She walked to Madison avenue and turned south, raising the banner aloft. Hoodlums who had followed her surrounded her and one girl tore the banner from her head. Another knocked her hat off. Mounted policemen rode into the crowd and scattered the cowardly youths.

The woman, hysterical by that time, was put in a taxi and sent away by the police. She refused to give any names. This incident occurred after the parade had become pretty well scattered. It might have caused a panic.

\$300,000 ROBBERY OF GEMS CALLED AN "INSIDE JOB"

Thieves Had Surprising Knowledge of Interior of Simons & Sons' Pawnshop.

DODGED ALARM WIRES.

27 Known Safe Robberies in New York City Since First of Year.

Because of the almost unbelievable knowledge of inside conditions demonstrated by the vagabonds who some time Saturday night burrowed under one wall and out through another to rob the vault of Simons & Sons' pawnshop at Heister and Eldridge streets of \$300,000 worth of diamonds, Deputy Commissioner Dougherty is inclined to the belief that the robbery was an "inside job."

The experts, who dodged all the hidden alarm wires by cutting through the only two boards in the floor not wired and who attacked the side of the vault instead of the top, reinforced by railroad iron, showed such complete familiarity with the interior of the pawnshop as to exclude from consideration in Dougherty's mind the ordinary burglar.

POLICE LOOK FOR VETERAN CROOK WITH LONG RECORD.

It is whispered about the rooms of the Detective Bureau that only one man known to be still living could have planned and executed the robbery of the Simons' vault. That man, one of whose aliases is "Deafy," is as great an artist with burglars' tools as was Whistler with the brush, head of what practically amounted at one time to a correspondence school in safe cracking conducted through the blind channels of the underworld, and student of vault combinations and protected safes beyond all others the most expert.

"Deafy," who is now a cocaine fiend, but whose cunning can be bought even though his head is not as steady as it once was, came to town a short time ago, so the deadened whisper came to Headquarters through stool-pigeon sources. He arrived just about the time the Varns Jewelry Company, at No. 35 Fifth avenue, gave up \$20,000 worth of gems to burglars.

In that robbery a hole hardly large enough to admit the passage of an ordinary twelve-year-old boy was cut through the ceiling of the jewelry store from the loft above. In the Simons robbery of Saturday night a hole only four feet by seven inches was bitten through the vitrified brick and cement of the vault.

JOB NOT BEGUN UNTIL AFTER 11:30 P. M. SATURDAY.

Nobody, presumably, had knowledge of the wiring of the interior of the Simons pawnshop, the signal trap set on window and door and even the trap door into the basement except the burglars who did this work for the Holmes Electric Protective Company. This work was originally installed twenty years ago, and from time to time had been repaired and kept up to the minute of efficiency.

The detectives are able to say definitely that the cracksmen did not begin work on the vault at least until after 11:30 o'clock on Saturday night. They fix this time because of the circumstance that Samuel Baron, who has a store in the front basement under the pawnshop, and his assistant, Louis Huppert, worked behind the counter there until 11:30 o'clock. Nothing but the flimsiest partition separated the Baron store from the rear basement into which the burglars tunneled. The sound of a single falling brick would have been heard in the store forward.

To enter the hallway of the tenement above the pawnshop from the Eldridge street door and descend to the basement without detection was child's play for the yeggmen. Once installed in the coal bin that backs up against the wall of the pawnshop their real work of the night began.

With their beforehand knowledge of the wiring system, they made no effort to so much as scratch the wall ahead of them, but carefully pushed a way through the coal to the floor level and then tunneled down and under the last brick of the wall so as not to disturb the sensitive telltales concealed therein.

Perhaps the whole work of tunnelling occupied an hour at most. It was nothing more than a duck down and a duck up—such a scoop as boys make to summer under the fence of a ball park. Once inside the rear basement of the pawnshop the expert work of the night was before them. They knew that a trapdoor at the head of the

"\$10,000,000 WIDOW" SUING NEW HUSBAND FOR \$100,000 PIN MONEY.



\$10,000,000 WIFE TELLS HOW SHE USES UP \$50,000 A YEAR

Mrs. Van Valkenburgh Itemizes Two Flyers to Europe at \$32,000.

Although Philip Van Valkenburgh, the millionaire clubman, was served with the summons and complaint nearly a year ago in the action of his wife, Mrs. Nevada Van Valkenburgh—the "Ten-Million-Dollar Widow"—to recover \$100,000, the details upon which Mrs. Van Valkenburgh depends to convince a jury of the justice of her claim, only became public to-day, an hour before the case was called for trial by Justice Erlanger in the Supreme Court.

In her complaint Mrs. Van Valkenburgh sets forth that her husband abandoned her on June 27, 1910, without cause, and that since then he has contributed nothing to her support. She asserts that when she tried to obtain the necessities of life on her husband's credit she was blocked by the notice sent out by Mr. Van Valkenburgh to all tradesmen that he would not be responsible for his wife's debts.

For this reason, Mrs. Van Valkenburgh adds, she was compelled to spend \$100,000 for her maintenance out of the private fortune which in 1905 she received from the estate of her former husband, the late William H. Chapman, banker. It was this inheritance which won her the title of "the \$10,000,000 widow."

When Mr. Van Valkenburgh demanded to know for what his wife had spent \$100,000 in two years she furnished the following itemized statement:

Three trips to Europe, \$32,000.
Apartments at the St. Regis Hotel at 25 a day—\$12,000.
Motors, chauffeur, etc., \$10,000.
Clothing, \$2,000.
Entertainment and restaurant bills, \$10,000.
Physician and masseur, \$2,000.
Woman companion, \$8,000.
Dentist, \$1,200.
Miscellaneous insurance on jewelry, accident insurance, petty cash and extraneous, \$4,800.

Hiding Beam, Falls Three Floors.

Michael Hixcock, an ironworker, living at No. 37 Tremont avenue, grew careless in a dangerous tick today and fell three stories from the top beam of the new Hotel Baltimore, under construction at Madison avenue and Forty-fourth street. He is in Flower Hospital with internal injuries which are serious but not considered fatal.

CONFESSION BY HARTIGAN TO ESCAPE LONG SENTENCE IS EXPECTED BY WHITMAN

Convicted Policeman Has Preliminary Talk With District-Attorney and May Reveal Full Secrets of Graft by the "System."

WIFE PLEADS WITH HIM FOR HERSELF AND CHILD

"Jack Sullivan" Indicted for Bribery—Lawyer Newell Ordered to Plead in Court To-Morrow.

Policeman John J. Hartigan, with a possible sentence of ten years hanging over him for perjury in connection with the police graft prosecutions, had a talk with District-Attorney Whitman to-day. Mr. Whitman is known to have gone into the conference ready to offer Hartigan help in getting a comparatively short sentence if the convicted man will tell all he knows about the working of the police "system."

Word spread through the Criminal Court Building that Hartigan had not made a final promise to "come through," but that Mr. Whitman expected to get word from Hartigan before half-past 10 o'clock to-morrow, when he will be arraigned for sentence before Justice Seabury in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court, that he is willing to make a full statement regarding what he knows about grafting policemen.

In that event sentence will be postponed at the request of the District-Attorney.

Hartigan was formally dismissed from the Police Department by Commissioner Waldo to-day.

WIFE URGES HIM TO TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH.

His wife is understood to have urged him to tell all he knows and save himself for the sake of his family.

A report that a "silence fund" has been raised to induce Hartigan to "take his medicine" was widely investigated by the District-Attorney to-day. According to the rumor the "graft ring" fears that if Hartigan discloses the case against Sweeney it may cause the latter to throw the others overboard to save himself. One report is that \$10,000 has been raised for Hartigan's wife and child, and another is that grafting officials have merely arranged to pay Mrs. Hartigan an amount of money equivalent to her husband's salary as long as he is in prison.

Justice Seabury issued a peremptory order for Edward J. Newell, under indictment for attempting to keep George A. Sipp, the police graft witness, out of the State, to appear in court to-morrow to plead to his indictment. Newell's lawyer stopped forward to-day when the case was called and handed up a letter from Dr. Austin W. Hollis, Newell's physician, saying that in his opinion it would be "injurious" for him to appear.

Justice Seabury agreed with Assistant District-Attorney Clark that the letter was useless as an excuse, especially in view of the policy of the court in compelling Police Captain Walsh to attend the trial of Policeman Hartigan, as a witness, at the risk of his life. A genuine certificate of the disability of Newell or the indicted lawyer himself must be in court to-morrow.

"JACK SULLIVAN" INDICTED ON GRAFT CHARGES.

The indictments will not be handed up in court for a day or two. They are voluminous and complicated and the labor of preparing them causes the delay.

The Grand Jury to-day voted an indictment for bribery against Jacob Reish (Jack Sullivan) on the charge that he accepted \$1,000 from Rosie Herik, a resort keeper, for procuring a woman witness against her six years ago to get out of the State. Another person was indicted with him. To-morrow the murder charge against Sullivan growing out of the killing of Herman Rosenthal will be dismissed with the District-Attorney's consent. It has kept him in jail for six months.

The next step in the police graft investigation is expected to be the indictment of Captains James E. Husey, James F. Thompson and John J. Murtha, former inspectors in charge of the "graft ring," on charges of bribery. The true bills were voted several days ago, mainly on the testimony of James When, the ex-policeman.

The Grand Jury to-day resumed its investigation of Rosie Herik's revelations of east side vice graft and tried to reach "higher up" than a patrolman.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

FOR RACING SEE PAGE 7.

SUNDAY WORLD WANTS

WORK MONDAY WONDERS

(Continued on Second Page.)